

George Collins

GEORGE COLLINS 4121 34 A1

Mrs. Sullivan Shafter, 1940

George Collins rode home one dark stormy night
George Collins rode home so gay
George Collins rode home one dark stormy night And he lay down and died
And he lay down and died
George Collins rode home one dark stormy night And he lay down and died.

His sweetheart was at his mother's house A-sewing silk so fine
And when she heard George Collins was dead
She lay down her silk and cried
She lay down her silk and cried
And when she heard George Collins was dead
She lay down her silk and cried.

Oh daughter don't weep, her father said
There's other boys than George I know there's
other boys than George
But George has won my heart.

Open up the coffin throw back the lid
Remove the silk so fine
And let me kiss his cold, cold lips
For no, he'll never kiss mine.

I know he'll never kiss mine
Oh And let me kiss his pale cold , cold lips
For no, he'll never kiss mine.

She followed him up, she followed him down
She followed him to his grave
And bending down on her bendin' knee
She weeped she cried she moaned.